

The Step-Mother.

"I am afraid you are not sufficiently protected from the night air my love; perhaps you had better wear this light shawl over your shoulders."

"I shall most assuredly do nothing of the sort, Mrs. Crampfort."

Olivia Crampfort stood on the terrace in front of the door, looking like a haughty young princess, in her white dress, with pearls glowing softly through the net work of her golden hair. She was hardly fifteen, with violet gray eyes, cheeks flushed with the faintest bloom, and a mouth as superbly curved as that of Diana of Ephesus.

Half way down the steps, with one light hand resting on the marble rail, stood Mrs. Crampfort, her young step-mother. It would be difficult to imagine two styles of beauty more widely different than those of Olivia and her father's wife. The latter was tall and largely moulded, with heavy coils of magnificent black hair, bristling skin, and eyes whose melting, misty darkness had a purplish gleam in their liquid depths. Her dress was of crimson silk, draped with rich black lace, and the only ornament in her hair was the gold comb that fastened its luxuriance. She paused abruptly, as Olivia spoke the short contemptuous, quick sentences, while the deep scarlet rose to her ordinary pale cheek.

"Olivia—my daughter!"

"I am not your daughter, Mrs. Crampfort, said Olivia, haughtily, "nor shall I allow myself to be dictated to by a step-mother. And once for all those little hypocritical airs of affection, whatever effects they may produce on my father, are thrown away on me!"

She walked away down the broad path, her lips curled, and her face coldly scornful, while Mrs. Crampfort still stood leaning against the marble balustrade holding her hands to her heart, as if Olivia's words had been poisoned arrows that were rankling there.

"Will she never learn to love me?" thought the young step-mother. Shall I never win the entrance to her heart? Oh, if she but knew how truly I love her, she would—yet—The tears glittered in Mrs. Crampfort's lovely dark eyes as she turned to the house, where only Olivia's estrangement cast a shadow on her bright life.

Edward Crampfort was sitting, reading by the library window, as his wife came slowly in. He was a tall, handsome man, with a few silver threads sprinkled in his hair, though he had scarcely reached middle age, and large blue eyes, where the expression seemed perpetually to vary, and as he looked up to the well known sound of the most idolatrous tenderness.

"You look grave, Madeline,"

"Do!" she tried to smile, but the tears came instead, as she sat down beside him on the low stool.

"Madeline, my dear one, what has happened to give you?"

"Oh, Edward!" she sobbed, if I could but learn the secret of Olivia's love."

The father's broad forehead darkened with a stern shadow.

"Has she dared to be impertinent to you, Madeline? If she has—"

"Oh, no, no," hurriedly interposed Mrs. Crampfort, with the color rising to her temples. "Pray do not draw any such inferences from my careless words. Only, dearest, I love her so dearly, and I cannot win a single tender word or glance from her. I would cherish her so devotedly would she but allow me. There is so much that is winning and noble about her that I cannot but feel her estrangement most acutely."

"Madeline," said Mr. Crampfort, after a moment's grave meditation, "I think I shall decide to send Olivia to boarding school until she can learn on her return home, to appreciate your qualities as they deserve. It will be a severe lesson, but I think she needs it."

"Not for the world, Edward!" eagerly pleaded Mrs. Crampfort. "For my sake, dearest, let us strive longer yet to win her heart. I know how she dreads the very idea of a boarding school. She is so good, so noble, so ingenious to be subjected to the trials that she would encounter there."

"Be it as you will, Madeline," said her husband tenderly; "but you must let me talk to her seriously on the matter."

"Not a word, Edward!" cried Mrs. Crampfort. "If I am ever to penetrate into the depth of her affection, it must be by my own efforts. And—"

She paused, for at that instant a servant entered to request Mr. Crampfort's attendance in the reception room. And when she was left alone, she sat gazing out into the twilight, with a moisture in her eyes that made quivering rings around the first pale stars, whose light was beginning to glow in the purple horizon.

"If she would once call me by the sweet name of mother," broke almost involuntarily from her lips.

"Mother!"

Was it a tremulous echo of her own words, or was it an actual utterance spoken close to her?

"Mother! my darling mother!"

Mrs. Crampfort clasped the slender young figure close to her bosom, almost fearing it was a dream.

"I have heard you and papa talking," said Olivia. "Oh, mother it seemed as if a veil fell from my eyes. People have been trying to do to me—to look on me as a stranger. I know I never loved you, but I shall never again."

and came back to get it," whispered Olivia. "Oh, how glad I am that I passed at the sound of your voices! Dearest Mother, I know how to cherish and love you now. I have been wild and wilful, but it has been for the last time. Love me, for indeed, indeed, I love you."

When Edward Crampfort returned to the library he found Olivia kneeling at Madeline's side, her head resting on her step-mother's lap, while Madeline's jeweled fingers strayed slowly through the young girl's golden hair. He paused in astonishment; but his wife looked up with a radiant smile saying:

"Dear Edward, I have found a daughter. She called me 'mother,' at last."

For Madeline's affection had conquered finally.

Progress of Agriculture During the Last Decade.

Our increase in all the chief articles of agricultural produce, as shown by the census report, is something enormous.

Wine has increased fourteen-fold since 1850, and nearly doubled in the last decade, California being its chief producer. Hops have increased seven-fold in the same time, and more than doubled in the last ten years, New York growing two-thirds of the whole crop.

Barley has increased six-fold. Flax six-fold, and flaxseed trebled. Wheat trebled, and oats doubled. Irish potatoes have increased one-third, and sweet decreased one-half.

Live stock have trebled in value, and now amount to the handsome total of one thousand five hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, or an average of nearly two hundred dollars for every family in the nation.

Animals slaughtered have nearly quadrupled in value, now amounting to four hundred millions of dollars annually.

Wool has increased from sixty to one hundred millions of pounds.

Cotton is half a million bales above what it was in 1850, and three fifths of its amount in 1860.

In only one instance is there a decrease of an important product, and that is in Indian corn, which falls short of the amount reported in 1860 by seventy-eight millions of bushels, or ten per cent on the whole.

In some lesser products, however, the decrease is considerable. Silk cocoons are only a third of their former amount, hemp a sixth, peas, beans and rice about a third each. Buckwheat has decreased from seventeen millions of bushels to nine, and rye from twenty-one millions of bushels to six million.

Lost—Heavy Reward Offered.

On or about the first of August the subscriber lost in North Carolina 15,000 votes that he obtained in 1868. He also lost 9,000 which he remembers to have had there last year on the day of the election. At the same time he lost his friend John Pool, United States Senator, and by a combination of misfortunes, lost the State Senate and House of Representatives, and with them went a Lieutenant Governor. It is not sure whether it is to count the Governor among his other losses, but fears in the end it will so turn out. The things alluded to were extremely valuable to the subscriber, as he was about to set out on a political tour throughout the Union, and he greatly wishes the comfort they inspired. He has made every effort to recover these valuable, but so far without avail. He has caused guns to be fired all over the Union to apprise the people of his loss, and to induce them to set out in search of the missing U. S. Senator, Legislature, majorities, and so forth. Any information that will lead to the recovery of the aforesaid articles will be gratefully received and liberally rewarded by me at Long Branch, or at the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence or by Mr. Boutwell, the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, or by the chairman of my Committee in New York.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

[Copy 1 time and charge Galveston News.]

Inhuman Treatment.

Thomas Farwell, one of the brutal keepers in the Ward's Island Lunatic Asylum, has been formally charged with causing or hastening the death of two patients in that institution. The verdicts of the coroner's jury in these two cases, yesterday, were conclusive on the points made by the Tribune. This is a dreadful story of savagery and oppression of the defenceless insane which is brought by the investigation disclosures so far brought to light, indicate that it was high time that the veil of secrecy be torn aside from a system so generally wicked as the treatment of the insane in lunatic asylums.—Tribune.

We desire to say a word about the above, and similar cases. The poor insane are always helpless. They are as much as an infant a week old only, and the slightest duty of the sane is to see that they are not treated with that brutality which too often attends their confinement. Every asylum, wherever located needs looking after. No one is there to offer resistance, or to report misconduct on the part of the keepers and nurses. The duty of the Legislature is to appoint inspectors of known humanity; men who will not make a frolic of the examination, and go there to eat a grand dinner supper—drink fine wine—and then go away to fix up a report that all is well in that department. No. Let them be such men as will report facts. Watch every body, and tell the world precisely how the poor demented creatures are treated.—[Ed.]

ASTS are so destructive to fruit-trees and vines, that any way of getting rid of them is interesting. An excellent method to destroy them is said to be that of sprinkling a saucer full of sweet oil up to the trunk in the ground. If this is done the ants are plentiful, in a short time the saucer will be found full of these creatures, all subdued in the oil.

GENS OF THOUGHT.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

After praying to God not to lead you into temptation, do not throw yourself into it.

Misery and vice travel in pairs; and they always prefer to burrow underground as they go.

Reverence the old, but meet the new with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you.

A promise should be given with caution, kept with care. It should be made with the heart and remembered with the head.

True piety is not a remorse, but a cheerful thing; whilst it makes us joyful, it delivers us from frivolity; yet it causes us to be pleasant.

There are emotions that one never could put into words without the danger of being ridiculous. Analysis is the death of sentiment.

He that has inherited the love of God what has the world more to give him? What can the world reach to take from him? He has the chief thing already.

There is wormwood of bitterness in nearly all the sweets of life; but it would not seem half so bitter if we didn't taste to weigh, separate and analyze, to find out just how bitter it is.

It is better to see our friends through a mist than through a microscope. Too clear perceptions are as disadvantageous to the life of our affections as they are advantageous to our worldly prosperity.

With the prayer "Lead me not into temptation" on our lips, choose for the right and God, though the choice make you confront the rock accessible, and cover it with brighter greenness, and make it more radiant with flowers.

Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so, regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

Campaign Chart.

We have just received from those wide awake publishers, Messrs. E. Hannaford & Co., 177 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, a copy of their great "Campaign Chart for 1872." It is brimful of very valuable information, showing at a glance not only the political, but also the economic history of the country for the past fifty years.

In addition to the statistics, etc., of a political character, which are exceedingly full and complete, this *million in paper* contains a tabular exhibit of the population of the United States, by States, at each census, from 1760 to 1870, the comparative rank of the several States at each census—a most interesting and instructive feature; the leading productions of agriculture in each State and Territory, from the last census, giving the amount of over twenty of the principal products in each State, together with much other interesting agricultural statistics, according to the census returns of 1870, together with other important matter. This Chart is handsomely printed, is colored, varnished and mounted, map-like, on rollers. It is a real ornament to any room or office, and ought to sell fast everywhere. It is sold through agents, and published by E. Hannaford & Co., 177 West Fourth Street Cincinnati, to whom all applications for agency should be addressed.

Our fellow-townsmen, Judge Durham,

has received a very distinguished honor from the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, now in session at Baltimore. On the 17th he was elected Right Worthing Deputy Grand Sir of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Next year, if his life is spared, he will reach the top round of the ladder and take position of Grand Sir, the highest in the gift of this great benevolent Order in the world. It is worthy the ambition of any man to be the presiding officer of an Order that numbers to-day four thousand eight hundred lodges, scattered over the States and Territories of the Union, with a membership of three hundred and fifty thousand and increasing at the rate of thirty members per year. The revenue now reaches three and a half millions of dollars and the sum voted for relief averages one quarter million annually.—Kentucky Advertiser.

The necessities of official station and common humanity came into violent contact the other day on the Kansas and Texas railroad. There was a mother in one of the cars, and with her was her little son, who, in wandering about, happened to fall from the platform. His fall was not noticed until the train had proceeded about two miles; the mother then requested the conductor to back the train, which he as an official, could not think of doing. She then asked him to stop the cars and allow her to get off, go back, and look for the boy, but this also he declined to do. At the next station the lady got off and was compelled to wait till the next morning when she went back and found her child dead from exposure to the pitiless storm that was raging, his head resting among the wild flowers on the embankment whither he had climbed, and where he had died.—World.

GENERAL BANKS, in a speech in New York recently, claimed the vote of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia, Old Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas as sure for Greeley.

Elder H. T. Anderson, of the

Christian Church, is lying at the point of death at his home in Washington.

Cholera Coming.

We clip the following information from the New York Tribune of recent date. Americans cannot be too well on their guard concerning this dreadful scourge which sweeps multiplied thousands to their graves during its stay. Let every town, city, village, hamlet and country dwelling, be thoroughly cleansed now, as an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. Don't wait until next year, and until the first ship lands the disease on our shore:

Bokhara seems to have taken the cholera from Persia, and the dreadful scourge is decimating the population of that Province. Situated in Central Asia and in the route of the caravans which traverse the country, Bokhara is likely to help spread the pestilence. The number of deaths—one thousand daily—is possibly exaggerated.

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